INTRODUCING COUNCILMAN CORNELIUS F. X. QUINN

Burrsville City, N. J., Turns Out En Masse to Greet New Lawgiver and Hear the Facts About the Arms Conference Expounded With All the Eloquence Acquired in Forty Years of Active Metropolitan Politics

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

BURRSVILLE CITY, N. J., Dec. 3.

THE regular Friday night meeting in our fine new Fire House of the Borough Council was held last night in the Fire House, a big attendance being present on account of their being no night show of the Fairbanks picture at the Strand and on account of the big questions "on the tapis," such as the old question of appointing a party not yet named to act as a night force for Chief of Police Herb Longstreet to patrol the beach sections west to Wall Township, and extending sewer privileges to parties as far out as County Line Road, and the important questions now before the Disarmament Conference at the national capital, Washington.

Present were "his honor" Mayor Calvin Van Scoick, Rev. Borough Clerk Dilberry, Councilwoman Faith Prettyman and Councilmen Applegate, Lahommadoo, Pflugg, Talmage Longstreet, Luther Mickelman, Wesley Mickelman and Hon. Cornelius F. X. Quinn. Hon. Quinn making his first appearance among the "borough fathers" after his grand victorious campaign against Elmer J. Van Note, our popular undertaker and florist, in spite of Hon. Quinn being bitterly fought against tooth and nail by the Lend A Hand Alliance of local evangelical churches, but the opposition against Hon. Quinn being only on account of he being a recent comers to our "thriving burg."

As was advanced during post-election speeches during the campaign, Hon. Quinn moved in our midst from the metropolis only in time to register legally as a voter in this State and borough only twenty-two days before he began his campaign for office, he having "made his pile" in the contracting business in the great metropolis and was a great political power in local politics there for almost forty years, but now has wisely settled permanently in "booming Burrsville City" with his handsome better half, Mrs. Quinn, in their handsome new mansion, northeast corner of Main and Prettyman, he having retired for good and all from the busy marts of trade.

Mayor "Doc" Van Scoick, our popular borough Chief Executive and genial medico, made an eloquent speech of welcome to Hon. Quinn, "his honor" taking as a text about "letting bygones be bygones" in re the recent bitter campaign against the new Councilman, Mayor Van Scoick also saying eloquently that not since Visiting Firemen's Night during "Buy At Home Week" here has there been so many of the better element present in Council Meeting in the Fire House to see what Councilman Quinn looks like.

The "proceedings" then were opened by Councilman Quinn, the new member, who eloquently discussed this and that for a long time and then spoke as follows:

"But seriously speaking, fellow Jerseyites," Councilman Quinn, the chief speaker of the evening said, "I gladly accept this great office you have proferred to me, although at a wage that is nil and not even patronage to give out that I can discover, because it is citizens' duties always one and all to take active interest in public affairs, especially for any citizen among you blessed with the great gift of public speaking all my life and enjoying it from my boyhood days in the great city.

"And what, fellow voters," continued Councilman Quinn, he now moving rapidly from his Council chair to the rostrum to face one and all assembled in the Fire House—"what, mark you, is the greatest public affair to-day? None other than the great Disarmament Conference now being held in the nation's capital, although under Republican auspices. And I could say more about that!

"But let that slide. Only mark you this: Before even what was to be the *Disarmament* Conference opens, up steps my proud bucko and lifelong opponent of mine in public affairs, Henry Cabot Lodge—and him I don't admire!—and says Lodge, or maybe it was Hughes—the same, yes, who robbed us of the betting sports of kings in my late domicile—says one of them slyly to the newspaper boys gathered for to be present at the opening, 'Boys,' says he, 'let us all bow in prayer'—Hughes it was, of a certainty—'let us pray,' says he in the sanctimonious way of him, 'that auspiciousness, boys, descends upon the coming sessions of this grand *Armament* Conference, boys, of the Republican party.'

"'*Armament*' or '*Arms*' Conference it is now, mark you," said Councilman Quinn, he now speaking in a very loud tone. "A small change in terms, say you. Well, I could say a lot about that!

"I digress here, Mr. Chairman, to move you, if I and my motion are in order—and it is and I am—to move you that beginning of a Friday next week and all coming Friday nights there be a pitcher of ice water and a glass for the speakers when I address you at these public meetings on great questions from time to time every Friday night—the same to be installed and maintained from Borough funds.

"To resume.

"My friends and constituents, only the other day it was that I was up to the great city for to see Judge Breen on account of a lad of my old precinct there getting into a bit of trouble, he arbitrating with his two fists, when the city invites me for to take active part in the parade and reception to one of the great peace generals from foreign parts, he just stepping off the ship for to go to Washington and generously gum his own job and his own game back home by ending all the fighting. And much could be said about that!

"Well, fellow boroughites, besides myself and this head wop general in the parade there was foreign assistant generals and sea fighters and wop trick pigeon shots and champ hammer peggers and elegant pistol sharpshooters—slews of them for to help their chief, this General Spankatelli, him being the great hero that stopped them on the Piazza, all here for to tell how they hate all war.

"Young Herman Steinfeld of the Department of Docks it was that made me one of the official escorts in the parade—Herman coming from off of the ferry from a tour to Atlantic City with friends in one of the Dock Department's fine big cars and inviting me into the car. And Herman, he having the right of way on account of his car being official, we swing into lower Broadway in time to be fourth car in the automobile parade and would have been next back of the band only we got pocketed.

"Friends, a sight it was to remember as I and Herman and two friends of Herman's from The Bronx, by the name of Steinfeld also, and finally this General Spankatelli and the other great fighters of the Battle of the Piazza ride slow through the cheers toward the City Hall for to give the freedom of the city to the great peace delegate, General Spankatelli, as a mark of appreciation for the way he did the rough stuff for Lloyd George by pasting the Kaiser on the south side of the slats.

"Cheers for us, say you? Well! Fit to be tied with their hysterics they were—old friends in the crowd cheering for Herman and me and probably as many other tens of thousands going groggy with joy when they see the great little peace man, wearing the heavyweight diamond belt of Italy and his other fight medals, and the crowds realize that this peace delegate is the same little lad that stopped them at the Piazza with paving rocks and dynamite blasts, him calling it a day only when he had broke up the new Main Street bridge over the Piazza into nut coal size and give them THAT on the wing as a wind-up, till the banks of the quaint Piazza were smeared with Hungarian goulash at the end of the perfect day. They liked him for that.

"And that's the way, fellow Jerseyites, of all human people—sad it is, but true. True it was in the day of the Fenneeshians; in the days when Leader Paddy Divver of holy memory lost out in Foley's district by the power of brickbats over the human mind; yes, and so it has been true up to a recent Saturday in your—in our State where I hold office, when, you remember, about ninety thousand more of we of the better class paid each a week's good wages gladly for to see Dempsey paste the face from off of this Carpentier with his two fists that would take the trouble for to walk in on a pass for to hear Lodge or Root or Hughes—a man, I repeat, I never did like—debating, all three of them, with some other swallow-tail from foreign parts in voices too gentle for to blow the chip off of the other lads' shoulders.

"Gentlemen of the Council, I am done. I——"

From Councilman Luther Mickelman: "Then it's come time, Mr. Mayor, we take up this here four-months-old night police matter, which it seems like we never——"

"I am done, friends, I say," continued the chief speaker of the evening, Hon. Quinn, "but using the phrase, as all true students of the great gift of speaking always use it—'I am done' being but what we speakers call but a bit of rhetorical phraseology. Bite on that one, Brother Mickelman.

"To resume.

"Friends, I am done, except for to say that the peace and disarmament parade and reception was a grand success, barring once up near Dey Street, when the head of the parade met up with some high spirited lads, who of a sudden notice a milk wagon stalled back of the crowds, with nothing between the scabs on the milk wagon and the high strung lads but the parade. The milk drivers were striking, you recall. Where the lads on the west curb got the good halves of bricks don't ask me for to state. And all that the scabs on the wagon had to reply with was all the milk bottles, all empties, the wagon would hold. Bottles and bricks and the cops with their clubs—fierce it was while it lasted.

"Howsoever this General Spankatelli conducted himself on the Piazza I don't know except by hearsay, but at Dey Street he ducked; and he never came up again for air till the fighters was stopped—stopped by cops armed with clubs, mark you. And let me state here and now that the language of the fair valleys drained by the Piazza is a terrible tongue to get mad in.

"Fortunately, friends, it was proved in the end that the fight was all a mistake and no more. All the time the bottles and bricks flew the strikers were trying for to adjust their troubles with the bosses by intellectual argument up in Madison Square Garden. These lads that let fly down at Dey street were but impatient, that's all, and but reached for the brick that was handiest while the debates went on in the Garden. And I could say a whole lot more about that!

"Well, good luck to them and their peace efforts, say I—my blessings even on Root, Hughes and Lodge! If by speeches they can stop this nonsense of the people being human people, I'll give them a cheer—even Hughes! A terrible thing is war. It must be stopped. Within reason.

"May no harm come to them. It will not. The C'mish himself told me that much as they drove away for to go to Washington. And mark you well this thought the C'mish gave to me.

"'Though their swords are at home, Con,' says the C'mish, 'it is well they are guarded from the crowds and the fools and fanatics. Barney Geegan of Headquarters,' says he, 'and his picked squad of bulls,' says he 'can scarce sit down with them for to guard them in their cars without suffering great hurt on account of the size of the cannons the Headquarters boys each is armed with in all his pants pockets.' Friends, I thank you."

The next business before Borough Council last night, being about the old matter of appointing an unnamed party as a night force for Chief Herb Longstreet, was then on account of lateness put over as usual until the next meeting next Friday night in the Fire House.

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"Fellow Jerseyites, I gladly accept this great office, although at a wage that is nil and not even patronage to give out."

O'MALLEY TELLS WHAT HE'LL DO

BRIELLE, N. J., Dec. 3, 1921.

DEAR HERALD: In answer to your inquiry of this morning about The Next Meeting, would say, fellow citizens, that as soon as I have finished this letter we shall take up in Borough Council the great topic of America's new importance in the world—the present kowtowing of Europe as kowtowed to us by all the folks abroad. You know what I mean—your once-despised, raw-boned, country-jake of an Uncle Sam suddenly being Taken Up socially in an international way, once he had lent all his friends abroad a lot of money and then knocked the block off their enemies.

Then, maybe, after that one, Councilman Quinn, will discuss the Movies in a large carefree yet eloquent way. And after that all Life and Love and Death, I hope—the "Einstein or Arnstein" in the public eye at the moment of going to press, fashions, drama, sports, divorce, children, the stock market, cost of living, servant questions, housing and rent problems, the latest fancy murder, any current crime wave, college education, business education, the best seller of the hour, girls, politics, Congress, prohibition, marriage, your wife's relatives, commuters, automobiles, Christmas shopping, The New Year, The Old Year, undertakers, musical comedy, fist fighting, the late William Jennings Bryan or any other billy-be-damned thing that occurs at the moment.

As I see things now, Quinn can be choked off in only one of two ways—with an axe, or, more cruelly, by the deplorable neglect of an unthoughtful American journalism and its unreceptive readers.

I shall persuade him always to be concrete and, above all, to give no offence morally, commercially, politically, religiously, et ceterah, rah, rah!

Yours sincerely, FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

Ramblin' 'Round

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

"SWE-E-E-E-T Rosie O'Gra-a-a-dy"—backyard minstrels usually do not interest us. This one does. His voice is fair and he plays the guitar well. We are going out to talk with him.

He is a tall dark haired fellow who might be 32 or 45. He is the type whose age it is impossible to guess. As much as we'd like to report that there is sadness in his eyes—(this always lends poignancy)—we cannot. We see something bordering on a twinkle. And we don't think the twinkle is there because a lady has just thrown him a nickel. It is a philosophical twinkle that seems to carry the message:

Say, if you will, you pessimists,
That life's an idle questing,
But I defy you to deny
It's mighty interesting.

We are sure of that quatrain. Certainly the minstrel is mightily interested in what he is doing. There is nothing matter of fact about his singing or playing. There is no reason why he should toss his head like that except that he enjoys doing it. There is no reason for those animated gestures of the right hand except that he is feeling good to-day and doesn't care who knows it. Perhaps to-morrow he will not be feeling so well and will play sullenly. But to-day he is in tune with the infinite and is playing in tune, and with fervor.

He has a hard job, it seems to us. Backyard minstrelsy is a tough assignment at best. It must be especially hard to-day for there is a sting in the air—(wait, this isn't the story of a shivering minstrel)—and most of the windows we can see are shut. It is no easy matter to make yourself heard with a frail guitar and a not overstrong voice when your message has to cut its way through plate glass.

But the singer is not worried. While he is not being showered with coins, there are a few evidences on the ground that he is making himself heard to some and he seems very well satisfied.

HIS makeup is a masterpiece of miscellaneousness. He is a crazy quilt on legs. He is Gilbert's wandering minstrel—

"A thing of shreds and patches,
Ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby."

Over a frayed but brilliant red sweater—we are sure he did not see this in "What the Men Will Wear"—he is wearing an unbuttoned vest. It is not unbuttoned from choice. There is too much sweater and minstrel beneath it to permit it to come together. Perhaps he is a Kipling fan. At any rate, his open "weskit" seems to be saying, "Oh, east is east and vest is vest and never the twain shall meet." Over his vest he is wearing a short blue coat of a heavy fabric—it looks to us like a discarded "gob" jacket. It puts the "tar" in guitar, so to speak.

But no tar ever wore that jacket as the minstrel is wearing it. It is emblazoned with safety pins; and if the sun will only hurry up and climb that fence and shine on the vagabond's frontal area we shall be treated to one of the most gorgeous pictures of our existence. A battery of safety pins flashing in the sunlight against a background of blue coat and red sweater is our notion of a super-spectacle.

"SWE-E-E-E-T Rosie O'Gra-a-a-dy"—is he going to stand there singing that all day? We hope not. We want to talk to him—on economic conditions in Vagabondia and the merits of minstrelsy as a profession.

At last there is a downward revision, as one might call it, of his high notes—or loud tones, according to your musical ideas—and we think our friend is going to stop. Correct. He has stopped and is greeting us. But not with much assurance. He is not sure yet whether we are a friend or an enemy. A dime removes his doubts.

"THE backyard singing business," he says in answer to our question, "ain't what it ought to be, but I can't kick." No, he can't—not, at any rate, with his right leg, which is decidedly lame, a thing we notice for the first time as he walks—or limps—toward us.

"Too much music in the home is the answer, I guess," he continues. "Everybody's got a phonograph or a player piano and you can't blame 'em for not gettin' excited over a feller with a cracked voice and an old guitar when they can put a Caruso record on the phonograph or a Paderewski roll on the pianola. In a coupla years there won't be no more guys singin' in backyards. People don't care for it like they used to. I used to go around with three other guys—old pals o' mine—but they quit. Not enough in it for four fellers travellin' together.

"One thing that makes it bad is that it's gettin' harder and harder to get into yards. In most apartment houses the janitors have orders not to let us fellers in. Sometimes you can get into these yards by slippin' the janitor something, but usually when you get through you find that you took in less than you gave the janitor and you can't make a livin' like that. Some of the janitors in these restricted houses are regular guys and let you slip in for nothin', but there's always complaints and it's best to keep away from such places.

"Some of the tenants get pretty hot under the collar. Only yesterday a lady chucked me something that looked like some coins wrapped in paper. It was a button to weight down a message readin' 'You're not allowed in this yard. Get out.' Then, to make sure I understood, she hollered out of the window that I was wakin' her baby and she'd call a cop if I didn't beat it. There's lots of 'em like that."

Which prompts us to tell him that the lady was probably mad enough to guitar and feather him. He smiles weakly. Still, one can't expect a hand on a gag like that.

"WHAT kind of songs do they like best?" says he in answer to our query. "The sentimental kind. Not the new ones though. The old timers, like 'The Last Rose of Summer' and 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' I guess I get more of a rise out of 'em singin' 'Silver Threads' than any other song. When I was with the circus——"

Well, well, well! We are talking to an ex-circus man. This is getting interesting—even though, on inquiry, we find he was with a small time circus that played the country towns. Still, he was with a circus, and that we insist is exciting. He was in a musical act—xylophone, banjo, guitar and what not.

"When I was with the circus," he resumes when our excitement subsides, "we always got a better hand with 'Silver Threads' than anything else we played. The people never got tired of hearin' it. And I figured when I took up this backyard work that they'd like that oldtimer just as well in New York as in them small towns—and I was right. It's a great song for this business. Full of appeal. Makes people loosen up. I'll bet that song has made a livin' for hundreds of guys in this game."

Little do you know, O backyard minstrel, that if we had heard you sing "Silver Threads Among the Gold" we wouldn't have been interested in interviewing you and you would have been out a dime!

"OF course, I don't intend to stay at this forever," continues the strolling player. "But I gotta stick it out until the show business gets a little better and the small circuses open up again. Most of 'em have gone out of business. The big circuses cover the big towns and the little towns near by. But there's lots o' little towns too far away and that's where the bush league circus comes in. When times are good the show business is fine in these little burgs, but everything is so slow now you couldn't draw a crowd in them places with Babe Ruth, Houdini and George M. Cohan. When things get better and the small circuses open up I'm gonna drag this bum leg through the tall timbers again."

TO make our friend feel at home we are reciting the best circus poem we ever wrote. It goes like this:

The circus is a place where one
May see a lot of things,
And each of 'em is heaps of fun—
The acrobats on swings,
The clowns that romp in baggy pants,
The man who swallows swords,
The tigers and the el-e-phants,
The leopards—there are hordes
Of freaks and beasts that tickle me,
But I am underbred
And best of all I like to see
The monkey scratch his head!

Some go to circuses to drink
The pretty lemonade
That bubbles red and green and pink
And many another shade.
Some go to see the bearded dame
Whose whiskers touch her knees,
Some to observe the charmer tame
The ten foot rattler. These
Are very interesting things,
But, as before I said,
I go to see (what joy it brings!)
The monkey scratch his head!

Perhaps we should not have recited that. There is no mention of musical acts. We wish we had more tact.

WE have missed an opportunity. With our friend's tent career to work with, a more resourceful writer would have introduced a bit of by-play about the circus—a tale perhaps of a lion that, displeased with the musical act, broke loose and attacked the players. The minstrel's bum leg could have been offered as evidence. There is still time to do this, but we are lazy to-day and do not feel like rewriting.

"Da-a-a-rling, I am gro-o-o-wing ol-l-l-d, Silver threads among the gold-d-d-d"——

The minstrel is singing again. We don't blame him. He can't make a living talking to us.

Timely Reminiscences of Old Midtown Hotels

ON a stormy day in October, 1883, a woman, protected from the rain by a long storm coat and accompanied by another woman, walked up to the desk of the Sherwood Hotel in New York and asked to be shown some apartments.

It takes a rather long memory to fix the site of the Sherwood, which has for many years existed only in memory. It occupied the plot at Fifth avenue and Forty-fourth street, where Delmonico's now stands. It had before then been the site of the family residence of John Sherwood, who conceived the idea of a high class hotel for the accommodation of families. John Sherwood was one of the incorporators of the Fifth Avenue Bank, and the first banking rooms of this institution were in the basement under the Sherwood. Employees and officials on its opening day numbered only twelve individuals.

But to get back to our story. The clerk in charge of rooms started to show the stranger an apartment on the fourth floor, but she refused to look at it, saying that she never went above the second floor in any hotel. The clerk, accordingly, took her to a suite of four rooms on the avenue side, but with these she found fault because they were apt to be noisy. A similar suite in the rear she refused to look at and she was so difficult to please that the clerk suspected her of being one of the "lookers" who came to kill an idle hour. He decided to floor her and threw open the door of the handsomest suite on the second floor, announcing that the rent of the four rooms was $300 a week.

"These are something like what I want," said the woman, "provided you can give me a room on the same floor for my maid and another room for my trunks."

The additional rooms could be provided for $30 a week each, and the woman talked the matter over with her companion in the French language as the party went down in the elevator and back to the clerk's desk. There she said:

"I will take the rooms and shall want a private waiter; will you telephone to Mr. Abbey and have my trunks sent here from the steamer?"

The new guest was Mme. Christine Nilsson, just arrived from Europe to open the new Metropolitan Opera House, singing the role of *Marguerite* in "Faust." She lived in the hotel all that winter, and everybody who served her found her a most charming woman. She never had a complaint of any nature to make during her stay. Her recent death makes this reminiscence most timely.

The Sherwood was the first of the exclusive family hotels in New York, of which there are now many. It contained sixty-one suites of from two to four rooms each, all furnished in the taste of that day, of which it may be said that it was costly. The hotel was conducted on the American plan and served a table d'hote dinner. The price of board was $17.50 per week. In the dining room were hung valuable paintings belonging to Mr. Sherwood, who was a patron of art. The suites were leased only by the season, and no transient customers were accommodated. The only advertising that was done was a card in a medium of that time, the *Home Journal*, published by Morris Phillips and devoted to literature, society and art.

Mr. E. N. Wilson was the first manager of the Sherwood, which later was conducted by Daniel Gale, formerly proprietor of the Lafayette Hotel in Philadelphia and the Pequot House of New London, Conn. Among the guests were men prominent in the affairs of the city and their families. Included were J. H. Rutter, John B. Dutcher and H. M. Flagler.

The year 1880 saw the construction of several hotels to serve what was being recognized as a want—family accommodation. Though the older hotels all had permanent guests, they were mostly bachelors or elderly couples who were content to live in one large room without private bath or any of the conveniences the new structures provided.

The Grand Hotel at Broadway and Thirty-first street was built and opened with this idea in view, at least in part. Accommodations were provided for families by many suites with private baths. This house was built and owned by the Higgins estate and for many years it was considered a fine example of the hotels conducted on the European plan. Henry Milford Smith was its first proprietor.

Other houses similarly conducted were the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Windsor and the Buckingham hotels. The first was built on the site of the Madison Cottage, which was a famous road house down to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Fifth Avenue was completed and opened in 1859 and was at once successful, drawing clients from all quarters of the globe. The house served five meals a day and the price of food and room was $4—then considered very high. Its rooms were large, fitted with walnut furniture and carpets of velvet and body Brussels, laid with borders. The corridors were twelve feet wide, running around the square of the building and having guest rooms on either side.

The main entrance was on the Broadway side, through a wide tiled corridor fitted with red plush chairs and settees. A sort of alcove in the main lobby, formed by a turn in the massive staircase, where Senator Tom Platt and other politicians met and talked and planned every evening, was called the "Amen Corner," and never lost that name until the house was razed to make way for the existing office building.

Amos R. Eno, president of the Second National Bank, owned the property and the hotel was conducted by Hiram Hitchcock and Alfred B. Darling, both from New England. They amassed large fortunes in its operation. When the apartment plan came into favor they sought to provide them by the simple expedient of opening connecting doors and throwing as many rooms as were asked for together. But this plan in the case of the Fifth Avenue proved to be a clumsy makeshift.

The Hoffman House, a block above the Fifth Avenue, was built in 1864. It was long famous for its banquet hall, the excellence of its food and its elaborate barroom, on the walls of which hung Bougereau's "Nymphs and Satyr," Corregio's "Narcissus" and other paintings and sculptures famous in their day.

Edward S. Stokes was one of the early proprietors of this house and did much to make it popular. His trial and acquittal for the murder of "Jim" Fisk on the stairway of the Grand Central Hotel (now the Broadway Central) did not hurt the Hoffman. Like its rival just below, this hotel has disappeared in the mercantile invasion.

The Albemarle Hotel, a sort of ornament to the Hoffman, occupied the corner of Broadway and Twenty-fourth street, a small but high class place. In a suite on the second floor overlooking Broadway Mrs. Langtry made her home on her first visit to this country under the management of Henry E. Abbey.